
The Gavelyte

10-1909

The Gavelyte, October 1909

Cedarville College

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NEWSALT

Corner Main and 4th Sts.,

The Jeweler,

- - DAYTON, OHIO.

1906.

1909.

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October

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Cedarville,
College.

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E.

NEWSALT JEWELRY HOUSE,

Solid Sterling Silverware

Cor. Main and Fourth Sts.,

- - DAYTON, OHIO.

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Cedarville Record Print.

The Gavelyte.

VOL. IV.

OCTOBER 1909.

NOS. 7 & 8.

The Call of The Woods.

(BY WENDELL FOSTER.)

Chapter I.

ROY WINS HIS OWN GAME.

Caswick took his place at the head of the training table at Ashland University and gave the base ball nine their instructions for the night. The next afternoon they were to meet Rockland on the home field and a close game was expected as Rockland had won the previous year by a score of two to one.

As Caswick looked over his men he gave advice to each one in regard to his weak place and finished his remarks by stating that he had chosen Roy and Connel as batteries for the final game. This delighted every one except McNeil who had pitched the closing game for the varsity for two years and was anxious to take revenge for the defeat of the year before. Besides, he disliked Roy and as he heard Caswick's decision he muttered to himself. "As usual Roy has to butt in. I know Beth thinks more of him than she does of me and now he will pitch tomorrow and win. Just his luck—and mine"

The morning of June third dawned clear and cool but about the school prevailed a spirit of restlessness and when the batteries appeared on the bulletin board the uneasiness was not relieved. Although Roy had made good this year and had won all his games, McNeil was the old varsity star and this year the championship of the two rival schools was hanging in the balance and the winning of that day's game meant much to Ashland.

By two o'clock the grand stand was overflowing with students. The

right bleachers were crowded with loyal friends of the university. Those on the left were reserved for the Rockland aggregation which came marching on the field shortly after two o'clock, their banners flying and their college songs ringing out. As they seated themselves Ashland cheered for Rockland who returned the compliment and both sides then settled down to watch for the appearance of the two teams. Just at half-past two the Ashland nine came stringing out of the club house on the right and the Rockland team from the left. Each school cheered for its own men and then for the opposing nine.

After a short but snappy practice Ashland lined up on the field and Rockland took the bench. The umpire went to his place behind the catcher and called the batteries; Ashland, Roy and Connel. Rockland, Corey and Patten. "Play Ball," and the game was on.

It would take too long to give it by innings. The score at the end of the tenth stood 0-0 and the features had been the superb work of Roy and Corey on the firing line and the fast errorless fielding of both teams.

When the teams changed for the eleventh inning the Rockland team came to bat with the very apparent determination to win the game without delay. As the first batter came to bat the crowd sat breathless. "Strike three," called the umpire and a groan went up from the left bleachers. But the next instant it was changed into cheering, for the second man up drove a hot grounder through McNeil, who was playing third, for two bases. A sacrifice and a single brought him home for the first run of the game.

The next man fouled to the catcher and Ashland was at bat with the score 1-0 against them but with the determination that makes victory out of defeat. The first man up singled to the left garden. A stolen base and a sacrifice put him on third.

"Connel to bat," cried the score keeper. But Connel disappointed every one except Rockland by popping an infield fly. Next up was Roy. He knew this was the time to make a name for himself by winning his own game. A hit meant a run but could he get the hit?

He let the first two go by, as both were wide. The next two he struck at and missed and then let another go by. "Strike two, ball three," sang out the umpire. The pitcher was in the hole just exactly as Roy wanted him and where he would either have to walk him or put the ball over. He put it over and ran the chance of Roy hitting it. That lost the game and

the pennant for Rockland, for as the ball came sailing up Roy stepped forward and swung with all his might, there was a crack and the left fielder was racing back toward the left field fence, McClellan came rushing in from third and while Roy was on his way to second the ball hit the fence and bounced back into the field past the fielder. Roy was rounding third as the fielder snatched up the ball and fired it home. The coach yelled, "hold your base," but some impulse kept Roy sprinting toward home. He glanced over his shoulder, saw the ball coming, then drew himself together and made a head long dive for the plate just as the ball whizzed over his head.

The crowd sat motionless while the dust cleared away and until the umpire called "safe." Then the name of Roy was on every tongue and the old veteran McNeil was forgotten.

It was this that caused McNeil to hurry to the club house and mutter as he entered his room, "he was taken the honor which should have been mine but he will never get Beth if I have to—" The last words were too low for Scott, who was passing the door, to hear but he paused and called, "what's up now, McNeil."

McNeil looked up with something like an oath on his lips but when he saw it was Roy's best friend he answered, "Oh, nothing," and shut the door.

Chapter II.

YOU WILL HAVE TO DECIDE FOR YOURSELF.

"Beth, is that you," asked Gertrude as some one entered her room. She had thrown herself down on the couch without striking a light and was thinking over her college days and all she was so soon to leave when she packed her trunk for the last time.

"Take the rocker, Beth," she went on. "Just think, we have been here four years together and now must part, possibly never to meet again. And, O, Beth, my oration is going to be a complete failure. I can't remember half of it and it isn't worth giving. I will be scared out of my wits and father is to be there."

"Why, Beth," exclaimed Gertrude, "Professor Black said it was good and you spoke splendidly. Don't think about being nervous and you will make us all proud of you."

"Well," was the reply. "I will do my best but there will be Roy, McNeil and you and all the others who have done something for the school. But as for me, few will ever know who I am. I have always stayed in my room

and studied and made few friends and now I am going away and few will ever know there was such a one as Gertrude Todd ever graduated from Ashland. McNeil and Roy, for instance, will be remembered as long as the school lives."

"Gertrude, you are worn out this evening and blue. You are at the head of your classes and will receive the German prize. There is not one of us who would not exchange all glory we have obtained for the knowledge that we were at the head of our class. We will be remembered as ball players, debaters and singers. You will be honored by all your professors and everyone who was ever in the class room with you. You go out into the world with the name of being a scholar and before many years you will have a chair in some large college. But there come Mable and Grace."

"Hello, girls," was the greeting of the newcomers, "we have been down watching the parade and the bonfires. You should have been there. They called on Roy for a speech and he made a splendid one. McNeil walked up the street with us and you ought to have seen him. He is awfully mad. Beth, I don't see why you go with him at all when you could go with Roy. He is the meanest fellow on the team and let that ball go past him on purpose today because he hates Roy and did not want to see him win that game. I tell you I hate Ed McNeil, so there," and as Mabel finished she and Grace went on down the corridor leaving Beth and Gertrude sitting in silence.

Finally Beth said, "Gertrude, I don't know what to do. I have gone with Ed ever since I came here and liked him better than I did anyone else until William Roy came. Now I don't know which I care most for. Ed gets dreadfully angry when I go with Will and tells me he is poor and has hardly money enough to get through school and will have to make his own way in the world. He says Will showed ill manners in "butting in" as he calls it and insisting on going with me."

"What does Will say about you going with McNeil?" Asked Gertrude. "Not one word but I know he does not like it. He never speaks of it and I think more of him for it. It hurts me worse to see the look on his face than all the storming Ed does. Ed has always taken it for granted that I would marry him but since Will came it is different although Will has never told me he cares for me."

"Will worships the ground you walk on and the only reason he does not

tell you is because he is poor and considers himself below you in social standing. You will have to decide for yourself. If you marry McNeil you will have all the money you want but I cannot believe he really loves you and I know he has a dreadful temper. Put McNeil off for a year and give Will a chance to get a start and he may tell you what you want to hear and things will look differently from the way they do now."

(Another installment of this story will appear next month.)

The Secret of a Happy College Year.

W. R. M'CHESNEY.

The spirit in Cedarville College is fine. The students are devoted to the College. They believe in it and they work for it. They are loyal to the faculty and work for them. They are proud of their literary societies and are planning greater things for them. They are interested in Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. work and are making a success of both associations. Nearly all of last year's students have returned and their beaming faces and cheerful hearts seem to say "we shall make this the best year of all". Amen, so let it be. The new students represent different parts of the country and the common remark is "we have a fine crowd of new men and women." Old and new students have joined hands to make this the best year. Of course, we miss the graduated class, '09. But we are to be congratulated that one of them remains as an instructor and to take the new A. M. course and at the same time serve as a connecting link with the past. Cedarville College has its largest and richest endowment in its faithful, devoted students and alumni.

Then, too, we shall miss those who formerly were closely associated with us in the faculty. But our loss is their gain and we rejoice in that; and we are cheered that they think of us and are working as opportunity offers for the good of Cedarville College. We welcome gladly the new members of the faculty and they are taking hold of the work with that energy and spirit which make for success. The former members welcome one another. A new era has dawned upon the College and its motto is "Co-operation and Progress." Brighter days are here. The College has a name and a place, and is now among the young giants of higher education. Everyone

interested in it is confident of its future.

The spirit among the students, between the students and the faculty, and between the graduates and the college, the spirit of harmony and effort, is and will be the secret of a happy College year.

Current Events.

BY PROF. LEROY ALLEN.

Among the principal occurrences since the GAVELYTE ceased publication and thus left its readers in the dark as to the doings of the world, must be mentioned the passage of a new tariff bill; the developments in aerial navigation the promulgation of a new religion by President Emeritus Eliot, of Harvard University; the discovery of the North Pole; the appearance of Halley's comet; President Taft's western trip; and the Cedarville-Antioch foot ball game.

Concerning the last mentioned event, inasmuch as we highly value the integrity of our head, we shall maintain a discreet silence and hope for brighter days—or (since the weather was unexceptional) darker days, if they will bring us better luck.

The chief purpose of a revision of the tariff, as we understand it, was to lower the cost of living, so that engaged couples, who were fondly hoping and patiently waiting for the time when a union of lives as well as of hearts might be possible, might get married and establish homes of their own. But the bill which Congress passed and the President signed was a complete failure. True, the duties on lumber, iron ore and bituminous coal were reduced, thus perhaps enabling the new family to buy lumber and nails to build their home, and fuel to heat it. But of what value is a house unless those who are to live in it can have food to eat and clothing to wear? While there are various changes in the schedules, it is said by impartial students of the new tariff that, on the whole, there will be no saving on food, while the rates on woollen goods, amounting to almost one hundred per cent in the old tariff, remain unchanged and the rates on cotton goods have actually been increased. It looks as though the preacher will have to go without his fee for a long time yet.

Orville and Wilber Wright, Count Zeppelin, M. Bleriot, and other aviators have been having remarkable success with dirigible balloons, monoplanes,

biplanes and aeroplanes of all sorts. Their discoveries and inventions are of great importance on account of the slowness and uncertainty with which the Springfield and Wilmington trolley line is being built.

Dr. Eliot's prophesy of a new religion calls to mind the attempt of a certain Frenchman to establish a new cult. A great philosopher to whom he went for advice told him he was starting out in the wrong way. He should first get himself crucified and rise from the dead and then start his new religion. Dr. Eliot's new faith seems to be a compound of Unitarianism, Universalism, and Pantheism and to be totally unattractive and unsatisfying in its lack of a personal God. Yet his ideas are not wholly evil or unfruitful. The emphasis he places upon the social side of religious life is needed today. He says that the "priests (of the new religion) will strive to improve social and industrial conditions. It will not attempt to reconcile people to present ills by the promise of future compensation. The true end of all religions and philosophies is to teach man to serve his fellow-men and this religion will do so increasingly."

Dr. Frederick A. Cook has discovered the North Pole. Commander Robert E. Peary has done the same, and says Cook never did. But nobody believes Peary, as it is well known that the Cook tours go all over the world. Both of the expeditions were made presumably to back up the ice trust by discovering a new supply of that useful commodity. They found the supply all right, but whether they will be successful in their original purpose or not depends upon the transportation facilities that can be arranged and the tariff rates that will be imposed.

After a trip of some seventy-five years around the universe, Halley's Comet has decided to make us a friendly visit. One of the most interesting sights which will greet its eyes as it gets nearer to the earth is Cedarville college, which had not attained to its present glory at the time of our celestial friend's last sojourn with us. What effect this will have upon the movements of the comet is as yet unknown. It may bring us in a new class of students.

President Taft, having tired of Mrs. Taft's cooking, has taken a thirteen thousand mile journey, and is fortunately averaging three banquets in each stopping place. Incidentally, it may be remarked that during his absence the White House is being enlarged. Our President is a big man and getting bigger right along.

The End of the Rainbow.

The heaviest part of the summer shower was over. The sun, low in the west, was shining out through a rift in the clouds. Golden rain was falling; every blade of grass, every leaf, every flower was glittering in the yellow light and the windows of the big summer hotel across the little valley sparkled like jewels. In the east was a rainbow, the grain fields on the hill beyond shining through it, transfigured by its tints.

The boy stood on the verandah steps, a sturdy little figure with rain-drops sparkling on his dark curls and with earnest eyes fixed on the great bow.

"And s'posen you walked an' walked an' walked, would you get to the end of it, truly?"

"Sure," and the big brother in the hammock swung lazily back and forth. "You'd have to keep going but you'd get there if you went the right direction."

"And s'posen you found the end, would there really be a pot of gold there, really gold like Captain Kid's and—now—could you take it home—and—could you truly now?"

"Of course, there's always a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. You'd have to run fast before the rainbow faded away but if you get there you can find the gold and—yes mother, I'm coming."

The big brother disappeared in the house and no one saw the little figure start down the steps, run across the yard and out into the road. Over the fence and through the field he went, stumbling now and then, falling once in the fragrant wet grass but up again in a moment. The warm rain fell on his tangled hair and hot little face unheeded and the daisies brushed their wet petals against the out stretched hands. A little brown bird flew from under his feet to the top of a tall thistle and broke into a merry trill.

"It—it can't be so ve-very far," the boy said to the bird, stammering in his excitement a little. "The end is at the foot of the Wildcat Knob, I guess, 'cause the hill shines right through. If it only doesn't fade." "Hurry, hurry, hurry," called the little bird after him. Another fence. Under this time instead of over and across another field.

And still the sun shone through the cloud rifts and the golden rain fell and the rainbow tints wavered and glowed. Wildcat Knob at last and just at the foot, on a moss-covered log, a little white something which on nearer approach resolved itself into a very small girl with very yellow curls and very wet white frock, sitting there as sedately as though in a shower of sunbeams instead of rain.

"Betty's lost," she calmly announced as the boy hurried up with astonished eyes. Then as he still stared at the composed little stranger in silence she added, "take Betty home now, please," and getting up slipped a confiding little hand in his

"But I'm hunting the pot of gold," said the boy in sudden remembrance. "The end was just here and—why, it's gone!" And sure enough, the shimmering arch had disappeared, the golden rain had almost ceased, the clouds were rolling up like bright curtains and the sun was setting in a burst of glory.

"It's gone," repeated the boy in a sad little voice, "and I can't find the pot of gold." The golden curls bobbed sympathetically. "Betty's sorry but now you can take her home to her very own mamma at the hotel." And hand in hand the two little figures trudged across the wet fields through the sunset glow. * * * * *

The setting sun was shining through the warm summer rain in long slanting rays. Over the country road through the golden mist strode the boy, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, his hat drawn down over his eyes. The boyish face was sternly set but the firm chin quivered occasionally at the thoughts which surged incessantly through his brain.

Why, O why, had he been such a fool? What was the difference if Neal Ray did come to see the girl? Her mother and sister liked him immensely and no wonder, he was such an all-round fellow. Any way it was'nt any of HIS business whom she liked. She had a perfect right to be furious at the things he said. It was not the first time they had quarreled but they had always made up again the next day ever since he wore knickerbockers and she pinafores. Why under the sun had he gone on that two weeks' fishing tour the next morning? The little white note in his pocket which he had received on his return burned his fingers. Funny how hot such a cool little note could be! He could see every word on it as plainly as though it were before his eyes.

"Sail Monday, the twelfth, on the 'Cedric' with aunty and the Monteiths for England. Wish you a pleasant summer, Elizabeth."

When had she ever signed herself "Elizabeth" before? Ray probably went along as far as New York and while he was fuming around the lake quarreling with himself and the others, Ray was making his graceful farewells. Monday, the twelfth! And this was Tuesday, the thirteenth. She was out on the Atlantic now; Betty, bright-haired, mischievous, quick tempered, sweet tempered Betty!

The boy drew his hand impatiently across his eyes. That rain was so blinding. Then he stopped and drew a long breath as he slowly took in the golden-lit landscape. The trouble faded out of the dark eyes as they rested on the hill and meadow veiled in a golden haze. Slowly he turned and saw—the rain bow. The one end seemed wonderfully near, just across the fields at the foot of the old pine, the half way mark between his home and hers. Many the play house and warrior's wigwam that had been built beneath it! The boy looked at the dark branches showing through the tinted rays and with a sudden impulse he crossed the road, swung his long length over the rail fence and started through the wet clover. His eyes twinkled as he murmured.

"The first time I tried this stunt I missed the pot of gold but found Betty. This time I'll probably find the gold."

As his long strides brought him nearer the tall pine he uttered an exclamation of surprise, stopped short and then hurried on. Surely there was a golden gleam under the tree. Then something moved and around the pine stepped a girl, her bright hair shining in the golden light, in her eyes laughter struggling with surprise. The boy stared in incredulous joy.

"Betty!" "Yes, it's Betty. I went for a walk and got caught in the rain."

"Betty!" "Come on under. It's as dry as can be. You ought to always look for a pine tree when it begins to rain."

"Betty!" "Mercy, boy, is that all you can say? It is uninteresting, to say the least."

"But, Betty, I thought—"

"Well, I changed my mind. I do some times. I went as far as New York and stayed there. I got back this morning."

"I thought I wasn't going to get to tell you what a confounded fool I

am." The boy was stammering in an embarrassed way. "I had no business to fly off the handle that way, and when I found you were gone and I couldn't tell you, I thought—"

"Never mind," the girl broke in with a little laugh. "It was my fault, too. I lost my temper worse than you did. But when you began to say things about my future brother-in-law—"

"Your what?" It was the boy's turn to break in now. "You mean— Oh, what a fool I've been," and the girl joined in the merry laugh.

"See, the rain is over," she said after a moment. "We can go now."

"Do you know how I came to come over here?" Demanded the boy. "I saw the end of rainbow and came to get the pot of gold."

"And you only found me again," laughed the girl. "Poor boy, you've lost your pot of gold." She was looking toward the setting sun whose level rays fell far across the meadow. The boy looked down at the bright head beside him and murmured with a queer little catch in his voice, "My pot of gold."

Then side by side the two started across the wet fields through the sunset light towards home.

Prof. Palmer Makes Fine Touchdown.

Saturday evening Prof. Palmer was hiking down the line with the pigskin under his arm. No one was at all near him. The chances were fine. But just as he was about to rush across the goal for a touchdown, the pigskin slipped from his grasp and fell. Then he "came to" and found himself in front of Mrs Gray's mansion and the pigskin that he had been so jealously hugging was on the sidewalk split from end to end. It was a big, long watermelon that he

had bought at a bargain and was taking home to keep him and his "wife" from starvation over Sabbath. He proved equal to the occasion, however, and called to his assistance, Profs. Smith and Allen, Miss Allen and McGaffick, who, in the absence of Prof. and Mrs. McChesney, proceeded to their house, where the "pigskin," split into digestible slices, was utilized in making five touchdowns.

Who said Prof. Allen didn't like to play Pig in the Parlor? You ought to ask him why he hurried back to the gym, water melon night, after taking his sister home.

The GAVELYTE,

PUBLISHED BY THE

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For the last two years this paper has been edited by one of the most tireless workers for the good of Cedarville College. Much as we regret the departure of the rest of the Class of '09, the Gavelyte staff will miss, most of all, his presence and the inspiration of his zeal. At a time when others despaired and the future looked black, he went steadily on and has left the paper on a sound financial basis. The good wishes of the staff, of the student body, and of the faculty are with him in his preparation for his life work.

We wish to call attention to the prize of \$100, offered by the Lake Mohonk Conference on International

Arbitration, for the best essay on International Arbitration, by an undergraduate student of an American college or university. This is a subject of ever increasing popularity, and we sincerely hope that some of our students will avail themselves of the opportunity thus presented and honor their Alma Mater by representing her in this contest.

We hope that those to whom this first issue comes will look upon it with a great deal of charity. It is our first attempt and has fallen below our ideals somewhat, especially in respect to the editorials. The story "The Call of the Woods," two chapters of which appear in this issue, will continue for three more issues. It is our intention to have a short story in each issue besides the regular departments. This year we are going to keep this paper on the sound financial basis upon which it now rests. If anyone of our subscribers is dissatisfied with the scope of the paper let him remember that that is entirely dependent upon him. The paper will be what the subscribers make it. With their help we can make the Gavelyte a truly representative medium of the college. But without their help we can but do our duty and give them what they deserve. The spirit of the members of the student body

both old and new has been referred to in a previous article. Let us hope only that it will be manifested to the same or even a greater degree towards the college publication that it has been shown along other lines of college work. After these few words of explanation of our position we believe that everyone will co-operate with us to make this the banner year both for the Gavelyte and for Cedarville College.

Our New Professors

Two new members have this year been added to the faculty, Alanson L. Palmer, Jr., who becomes professor of Natural Science and director of Athletics, and P. Schuyler Morgan, who becomes professor of Mathematics.

Prof Palmer comes from the University of Wooster, where he graduated last June with the degree of Bachelor of Science. He ranked high in scholarship throughout his college course, and was prominent in all student activities at Wooster, especially in Athletics, being a football player of note and center on last year's basket ball team which won the state championship. He also has considerable ability in oratory and elocution, having won a number of contests at Wooster.

Prof. Morgan is also a graduate of Wooster, in the class of 1893, and holds an A. M. degree from the same institution. The earlier part of his college work was done at Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware. Since his graduation, he has been engaged in academic, normal and collegiate work in various institutions in the state, coming to Cedarville from Canfield college. He is therefore a teacher of ripe experience.

Both of the new professors are valuable additions to the teaching force of the college, and are giving increased power and efficiency to the faculty in putting into operation the new courses of study.

The following story was told by Mr. Linton at the club one evening: "Dr. McKinney found a piece of tobacco in the basement and asked T. V. Iliffe if he knew to whom it belonged. When Mr. Iliffe said he did not, Dr. McKinney said, 'well then, I think I'll just keep it myself'."

Prof. McChesney attended the national Y. P. C. U. convention at Monmouth and on Sabbath evening, Oct. 3rd, delivered an address on the subject "Elements of Power."

Of all sad words of pen or vocal,
The saddest are these: I HAD a local.



Oratorical Association.

The Cedarville College Oratorical Association held their meeting Friday morning, Oct. 1, 1909. The following officers were elected: Pres. Mr. Williamson, Sec. Miss Lydia Turnbull. Miss Orr and Miss Allen's resignations from the preliminary oratorical contest were received and accepted. Mr. Morgan and Mr. McClellan were elected in their stead. The contestants for the said contest which will take place about the first of November are, Messrs. Brigham, Shaw, Ritter, Andrew Creswell, Harriman, W. Foster, Bird, Morgan, and McClellan. This is expected to be one of the best contests in the history of Cedarville College. The contestant taking first place in this will represent Cedarville College in the State Oratorical Contest to be held at Mt. Union College, Alliance, Ohio, during the first week in February.

Philosophic Society.

Bigger, better than ever before the Philosophic Society starts out once more on her road to success. Tuesday evening last the annual reception was tendered to the new students, faculty, and to the members of the Philadelphian Society as well as the Alumni and old Philosophic members. Popularity contests and refreshments were the order of the day. Judging from the hour of leave-taking, every one must have enjoyed himself.

The first literary meeting will be held Oct. 18, '09. The Philosophic society can live up to its motto, "Let it be perpetual," and its members mean to see that she does. "More work, better work; more spirit, better spirit" is its watch-word for this year, and the foundation of many very important principles will be laid here this year that it will be impossible to overthrow in times to come.

In the Philosophic society there are many embryo orators and debaters, etc., whom hard and consistent work will bring to light before another year. Every meeting will be better than the previous one, and there will spring up that pleasant rivalry that will insure success.

Watch for these predictions to be fulfilled.

Philadelphian Society.

Students, new and old, the Faculty of the college, alumni and friends of the Philadelphian Literary Society were royally entertained in the Society hall Thursday evening, Oct. 7. Philo hall never looked better than it did on this occasion with its beautiful floral decorations.

Soon after the guests arrived all were busily engaged in solving the mysteries of "Courtship in the Vegetable Kingdom." Various other games and contests helped to make the evening a very enjoyable one for all.

A two course supper was served followed by toasts, Mr. David Brigham acting as toast-master. Mr. Calvin Wright spoke for the alumni, Mr. Morgan represented the new students and Prof. Palmer, the faculty.

The company again repaired to the hall where they enjoyed a reading by Prof. Palmer, music and games.

All departed sorry that the Society receptions were over and that when next they met in these halls it would be for hard literary work and not for play.

Y. W. and Y. M. C. A.

The Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. held their annual reception Thursday evening, Sept. 30, 1909. The two society halls being beautifully decorated, the evening was very pleasantly spent in many ways.

At the door each person was presented with a small card, bearing his name, which he was to wear during the evening so that the strangers might become better acquainted. After several interesting contests and music of different kinds, we were invited into another hall for supper which was really a continuation of the joyous affair, only in another way.

After the "scrumpcious" supper, games of various kinds were played and at a late hour, faculty and students departed hoping to have many more such happy times.

One defeat for our football lads. But don't be a knocker, defeat does not necessarily mean disgrace. Stand by the boys in their efforts to win. Show true college spirit and it will help the boys on to victory.

Athletic News.

The year '09-'10 is going to be a banner year in Athletics for Cedarville college. that will pass the season without a single defeat.

There are several improvements in the Alford Memorial under the being made in the gym; the most direction of Coach Palmer. Miss important of these, are the heating of Alberta Creswell is the manager this the building with gas, the improv- year and several good games will be ing of the dressing room, and the in- arranged for, shortly. The girls should be able to put forth a strong stallling of shower baths, which has team as there are several candidates been a long felt want. out, many of whom are last year's stars

We have a new Athletic director and coach, who will put the teams in first class form and drill them in all the science of the games. Basket ball has been the leading game of the college for several years.

The teams have been growing stronger until last year we won all games at home with the exception of one game which was lost to the deaf mutes, of Columbus, by a score of 25-30.

We have lost three of our former stars, E. McClellan, l. f.; Confarr, r. g.; and Capt. Watt, l. g. But we are not letting this worry us. We have several second team men who were playing splendid ball when the season closed.

Among the new students are several who have made reps. in their home towns. With the aid of a coach we may hope to have a team

At the present season our minds turn to foot ball. There are many new faces on the line-up this year and for that reason it has been hard to get steady team work. There has been considerable discouragement felt the last week on account of the defeat we received at the hands of Antioch Oct. 2.

43-0 ↘

But consider, we had a team which had never played together before. They had had no scrimmage practice. They lined up against a team which is made up of noted foot ball players, weighing twenty pounds more to the man and a team which has had a second team as fast as the first to play against. You need not feel discouraged by the score 43-0. If you compare some of the state University scores for the same day you will find

Cedarville classed with Ill., Wittenburg, Willmington and others.

So all knockers please lay away hammers and make yourselves comfortable. The whole team played ball that would be hard to beat by an ordinary team but if we had players of the caliber of A. L. Palmer the score would have been all Cedarville. He was one of the stars of the game, making end runs for gains of twenty yards, blocking the line, and tackling men who seemed to be getting away.

Well the foot ball team is getting stronger every day. On Saturday, October 9, we went to Earlham and were defeated 33-0. But we had a much faster team to play than the Antioch team. Some will say that we must not be getting stronger but you must consider that Cedarville had only 12 men while Earlham played 31 men. Next Saturday we hope to gain a victory over St. Marys. So let every one support the team.

Alumni Notes.

Mr. John M. Finney, '03, left Monday morning for Cincinnati, where he will take up fourth year work in the Medical college.

Misses Ina Murdock, '07, and Vera Andrew, '03, are now absent on an extended trip thru the West. They

will visit the Exposition and places of interest en route.

Messrs Wm. Waide and Wm. Hawthorne stopped in town for a few days on their way to Chicago where they are attending the McCormick seminary.

Mr. Geo. Stewart, '07, entered the second year in Cincinnati Medical school, this fall.

Of the class of 1909, Mr. Lloyd Confarr is teaching the intermediate department in Clifton schools. Mr. Ernest McClellan is attending the U. P. Seminary in Xenia. Miss Jeanette Orr is tutoring and taking advance work in the college. Messrs. Waide and Hawthorne are attending the McCormick Seminary at Chicago. Miss Julia Harbison is teaching the fifth grade in the schools of Stuggart, Arkansas. Miss Verna Bird will devote her time to music.

Rev. Wm. Graham, '05, and Mr. J. A. Finney, '06, attended the wedding of the former's brother at Gilberts, Ill. Rev. Graham tied the "knot" and Mr. Finney acted the part of "best" man.

Miss Carrie Hutchison, '04, is taking a course at business college in Dayton.

Prof. J. R. Fitzpatrick, '04, who expected to attend the State Uni-

versity, has accepted a position in the University of Pennsylvania, where he will assist in the Chemistry department. Along with his teaching he will continue his work for a doctor's degree.

Mr. Charles L. Baskin, '07, entered upon his second year's work at the Ann Arbor Medical college.

Mr. C. G. Ware, '07, has taken up new work as pastor of the First Presbyterian church, at Aurora, Ind.

Mr. R. G. Williamson, '06, is teaching a rural school near his home.

Miss Pearle McCampbell, '07, is teaching school in Xenia township.

Mr. C. C. Morton, '97, is meeting with marked success in his new duties as principal of our local high school.

The Marshall Bros, '07, who so successfully taught school in our vicinity for two years, have become installed in their work at the County Court House. Mr. L. T. Marshall being Clerk of Court and his brother, J. C. being deputy. Both are doing successful and acceptable work.

A number of the Alumni attended the Philosophic Reception given at the college on the night of Oct. 5th.

At the National Y. P. C. U. Convention held at Monmouth, Sept. 29th to Oct. 3rd, two of our Alumni,

Rev. J. M. McQuilkin, '98, and Rev. Homer McMillan, '97, delivered addresses.

Mr. E. G. Spahr, '08, after graduating from O. S. U. in June 1909, accepted the position of secretary in the State Reformatory at Miles City, Montana.

A handsome baby boy was born to Rev. and Mrs. J. J. Wilson, of Virginia, Ill.

Chapel Talks.

The opening exercises of Cedarville College were held Tuesday morning, September 21st, the speaker of the day being the Rev. H. C. Foster, of the Presbyterian church, Salineville, O. The theme of Rev. Foster's address was "The Excellent Spirit." Introducing his talk by a discussion of the general disposition of individuals, he proceeded to discuss his subject under the following heads: Spirit of thoughtfulness, spirit of sympathy, spirit of love, spirit of duty, and the spirit of a strong moral character. His address was both scholarly and helpful, and will rank among the best given at the college openings.

On Friday morning, October 1st, Rev. Geo. Utter, pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal church, Springfield, O., gave the first of this year's

chapel talks. He said, "We are here to gain power, 1st by study, 2nd by contact with personality, 3rd by getting in touch with God." Rev. Utter is an able speaker and we shall be pleased to have him with us again.

Mr. A. H. Lichty, State Supt. of College Y. M. C. A. work, was with us on Monday, October 4th, and gave a very interesting and instructive talk in chapel. Mr. Lichty spends a good share of his time among the college men of the different institutions, and his words are always applicable.

Local News.

Aunt Mary says that Prof. Palmer cannot sing where he does not know the tune.

What is the matter with Cedarville?
 She's alright.
 Who said so?
 Antioch.

Prof. Palmer: Wife, will you please pass the butter?

Whereupon Miss Lownes proceeds to pass it.

Study, foot ball practice and social functions seem to be trying to outdo each other. Wonder which one comes out first oftenest.

It has been reported that concealed weapons are being carried around by

some of the club members in the form of 38 calibers.

Say, who was that watching Fred Clemans so closely in last Saturday's game with Antioch? The Little Red Riding Hood, of course.

Mr. Yoho, looking longingly across the chapel:

Our eyes have met

Our lips not yet

But Oh you kid, I'll get you yet.

Lives of base ball men remind us
 We can also have some fun

Knock home-runs and cuss the umpire

Just as they have always done.

McKinney, looking at a certain young lady, said, "It is hard to get students here, and in some cases we cannot drive them away after they have been here for a while."

Better keep an eye on the door, boys, if you are enjoying a few minutes leisure with your lady friend in the chapel or you might have the pleasure of going out through Prof. Allen's room during the recitation hour. How about it Charles?

Bill to Fred, while walking home from the Philosophic reception: "Say Fred, wonder if Prof. Allen does not get tired of the faculty requiring him to stay until the very last at our social gatherings to see that we do not dance after the rest have gone."

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We are sorry to say that the water melon season is about over, but we must not forget to thank Archibald for his generosity in the past.

Directory.

Pres. Philadelphian Literary Society,
D. J. Brigham
 Pres. Philosophic Literary Society,
J. K. Williamson
 Pres. Gavel Club,.....P. D. Dixon
 Pres. Y. M. C. A.,.....W. P. Harriman
 Mgr. Foot Ball Team,.....A. L. Palmer
 Pres. Oratorical Association,
J. K. Williamson
 Mgr. Basket Ball Team,...S. F. Creswell
 Pres. Y. W. C. A.,.....Jeannette Orr

Prof. Leroy Allen appeared before the student body, on Monday, in the role of lecturer and humorist, and he certainly "made good."

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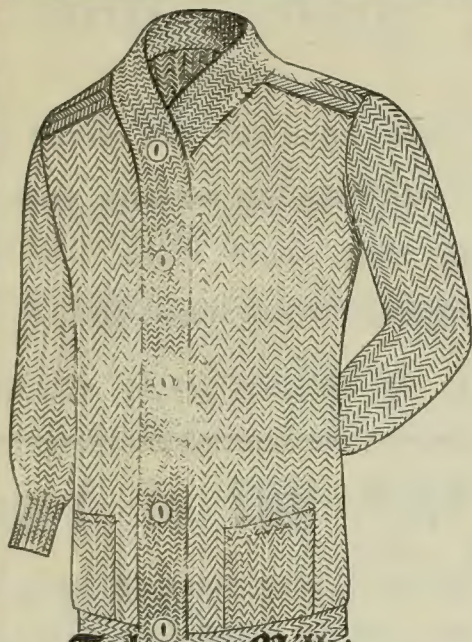
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